

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.  
 Warw. Exeter thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,  
 In following this vsurping Henry.

Clifford. Whom should hee follow, but his naturall King?

Warw. True Clifford, that's Richard Duke of Yorke.  
 Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?

Yorke. It must and shall be so, content thy selfe,  
 Warw. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.

Westm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,  
 And that the Lord of Westmerland shall maintaine.

Warw. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,  
 That we are those which chas'd you from the field,  
 And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread  
 Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.

Northumb. Yes Warwick, I remember it to my griefe,  
 And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it.

Westm. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy Sonnes,  
 Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, He haue more liues  
 Then drops of blood were in my Fathers Veines.

Cliff. Vnge it no more, lest that in stead of words,  
 I send thee, Warwick, such a Messenger,  
 As shall reuenge his death, before I stirre.

Warw. Poore Clifford, how I scorne his worthlesse  
 Threats.

Plant. Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?  
 If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.

Henry. What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne?  
 My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,  
 Thy Grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earle of March,  
 I am the Sonne of Henry the Fifth,  
 Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoupe,  
 And seiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces.

Warw. Talk not of France, fith thou hast lost it all,  
 Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:  
 When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.

Rich. You are old enough now,  
 And yet me thinkes you loose:

Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurers Head.

Edward. Sweet Father doe so, set it on your Head.

Mount. Good Brother,  
 As thou lou'st and honorest Armes,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cauilling thus.

Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the  
 King will flye.

Plant. Sonnes peace.

Henry. Peace thou, and giue King Henry leaue to  
 speake.

Warw. Plantagenet shal speake first: Heare him Lords,  
 And be you silent and attentue too,

For he that interrupts him, shall not liue.

Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,  
 Wherein my Grandfire and my Father sat?

No: first shall Warre vnpeople this my Realme;  
 I, and their Colours often borne in France,

And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow,  
 Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords?

My Title's good, and better farre then his.

Warw. Prove it Henry, and thou shalt be King.

Hen. Henry the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.

Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.

Henry. I know not what to say, my Titles weake:

Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?

Plant. What then?

Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:

For Richard, in the view of many Lords,

Resign'd the Crowne to Henry the Fourth,  
 Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.

Plant. He rose against him, being his Soueraigne,  
 And made him to resigne his Crowne perforce.

Warw. Suppose, my Lords, he did it vnconstrayn'd,  
 Thinke you 'twere preiudiciall to his Crowne?

Exet. No: for he could not so resigne his Crowne,  
 But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne.

Henry. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exeter?

Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

Plant. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

Exet. My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.

Henry. All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.

Northumb. Plantagenet, for all the Clayme thou lay'st,  
 Thinke not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

Warw. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all,  
 Northumb. Thou art deceiv'd:

'Tis not thy Southerne power  
 Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolke, nor of Kent,

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,  
 Can set the Duke vp in despite of me.

Clifford. King Henry, be thy Title right or wrong,  
 Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me aliue,  
 Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father.

Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words reuiue my heart,

Plant. Henry of Lancaster, resigne thy Crowne:  
 What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?

Warw. Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,  
 Or I will fill the House with armed men,

And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he sits,  
 Write vp his Title with vsurping blood.

He stampes with his foot, and the Souldiers  
 shew themselves.

Henry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,  
 Let me for this my life time reigne as King.

Plant. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,  
 And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'st.

Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet  
 Enioy the Kingdome after my decease.

Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your  
 Sonne?

Warw. What good is this to England, and himselfe?  
 Westm. Base, fearefull, and despayring Henry.

Clifford. How hast thou iniur'd both thy selfe and vs?

Westm. I cannot stay to heare these Articles.

Northumb. Nor I.

Clifford. Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene these  
 Newes.

Westm. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,  
 In whose cold blood no sparke of Honor bides.

Northumb. Be thou a prey vnto the House of Yorke,  
 And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.

Cliff. In dreadfull Warre may'st thou be ouercome,  
 Or liue in peace abandon'd and despis'd.

Warw. Turne this way Henry, and regard them not.

Exet. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not  
 yeeld.

Henry. Ah Exeter.

Warw. Why should you sigh, my Lord?

Henry. Not for my selfe Lord Warwick, but my Sonne,  
 Whom I vnaturally shall dis-inherite.

But be it as it may: I here entayle  
 The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,  
 Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,  
 To cease this Ciuill Warre: and whips't I liue,

To

To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne:  
 And neyther by Treason nor Hostilitie,  
 To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.

Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.

Warw. Long liue King Henry: Plantagenet embrace  
 him.

Henry. And long liue thou, and these thy forward  
 Sonnes.

Plant. Now Yorke and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.

Senet. Here they come downe.

Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.

Warw. And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.

Nor. And I to Norfolk with my follower.

Mount. And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.

Henry. And I with griefe and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.

Exeter. Heere comes the Queene,

Whose Lookes bewray her anger:

He steale away.

Henry. Exeter so will I.

Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.

Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.

Queene. Who can be patient in such extreames?

Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid:  
 And neuer leene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne,

Seeing thou hast prou'd so vnaturall a Father.  
 Hath he deseru'd to loose his Birth-right thus?

Hadst thou but lou'd him halfe so well as I,  
 Or felt that paine which I did for him once,

Or nourish't him, as I did with my blood;  
 Rather then haue made that sauage Duke thine Heire,

And dis-inherited thine onely Sonne.

Prince. Father, you cannot dis-inherite me:

If you be King, why should not I succede?

Henry. Pardon me Margaret, pardon me sweet Sonne,  
 The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforc't me.

Quee. Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?

I shame to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,  
 Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,

And giu'n vnto the House of Yorke such head,  
 As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.

To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,  
 What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,

And creepe into it satre before thy time?

Warwick is Chancellor, and the Lord of Callice,  
 Sterne Falconbridge commands the Narrow Seas,

The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,  
 And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes

The trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolues.

Had I bene there, which am a silly Woman,  
 The Souldiers should haue tof'st me on their Pikes,

Before I would haue granted to that Act.  
 But thou prefer'st thy Life, before thine Honor.

And seeing thou do'st, I here diuorce my selfe,  
 Both from thy Table Henry, and thy Bed,

Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,  
 Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.

The Northerne Lords, that haue forsworne thy Colours,  
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:

And spread they shall be, to thy soule disgrace,  
 And vter ruine of the House of Yorke.

Thus doe I leaue thee: Come Sonne, let's away,  
 Our Army is ready; come, wee'll after them.

Henry. Stay gentle Margaret, and heare me speake.

Queene. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee  
 gone.

Henry. Gentle Sonne Edward, thou wilt stay me?

Queene. I, to be murder'd by his Enemies.

Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,  
 Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.

Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.

Henry. Poore Queene,

How loue to me, and to her Sonne,  
 Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.

Reueng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,  
 Whose haughtie spirit, winged with desire,

Will cost my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,  
 Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne.

The losse of those three Lords torments my heart,  
 Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;

Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.

Exet. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

Flourish. Enter Richard, Edward, and  
 Mountague.

Richard. Brother, though I bee youngest, giue mee  
 leaue.

Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.

Mount. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a strife?

What is your Quarrell? how began it first?

Edward. No Quarrell, but a slight Contention.

Yorke. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and vs,  
 The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.

Yorke. Mine Boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.

Edward. Now you are Heire, therefore enioy it now:

By giuing the House of Lancaster leaue to breathe,  
 It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.

Yorke. I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly  
 reigne.

Edward. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken;

I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.

Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be for-  
 sworne.

Yorke. I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre.

Richard. Ile proue the contrary, if you'll heare mee  
 speake.

Yorke. Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.

Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke  
 Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,

That hath authoritie ouer him that sweares.

Henry had none, but did vsurpe the place:

Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,  
 Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and fruitlesse.

Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,  
 How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,

Within whose Circuit is Elizium,  
 And all that Poets faine of Blisse and Ioy.

Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,  
 Vntill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de

Euen in the luke-warme blood of Henries heart.

Yorke. Richard ynough: I will be King, or dye.  
 Brother, thou shalt to London presently,  
 And whet on Warwick to this Enterprise.

Thou